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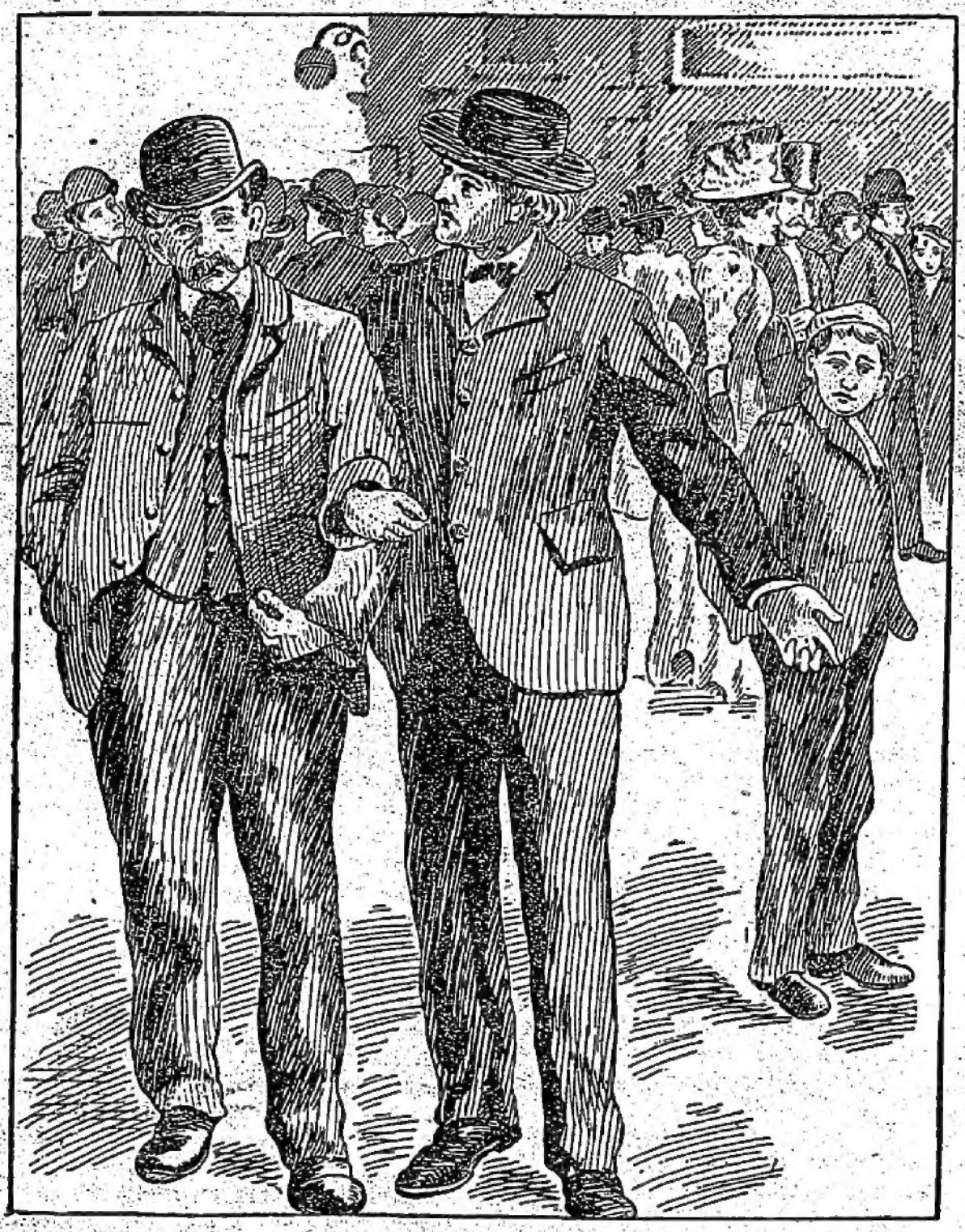
'I'm Done, Sir! I'm Done!'

(Frank Cockrem, Secretary Open-Air Mission, in 'Springing Well.')

We had been laboring all day among the multitudes. It was the day of the 'Great St. Leger' race at Doncaster, 1897, and hundreds of thousands of immortal souls had poured into the town and on to the racecourse, bent on pleasure, on gambling, or on some other form of sin. Hour after hour they had streamed by us as we stood at a point of vantage on the great broad road that leads to the course, distributing many thousands of gospel booklets and tracts, and speaking to the people words of warning and invitation from the word of God.

Then, later on, we had preached the gospel on the racecourse itself, amidst tens of thousands of the ungodly. Still later, we had resumed our old post by the Obelisk, and had met the crowds returning from their day's outing—how many with sad faces and aching hearts could be plainly seen, for the gambling curse proves the ruin of many at this gathering every year!



But now it was evening. Comparative quiet had descended upon the scenes of sin and of unholy riot we had witnessed, and we had taken our stand in a wide street called St. Sepulchre Gate, where a beautiful open-air service was soon in progress. The Lord was with us, the power of his Holy Spirit fell upon the large crowd of listeners, who seemed stilled and quieted by a divine power. Gospel songs and gospel testimony streamed forth, and the evangelists of the Open-air Mission were greatly cheered.

Suddenly, while a veteran preacher was speaking, a discordant voice was heard. A tall and brawny Yorkshireman had forced his way into the crowd, and was shouting at the top of his voice. The word 'hell' seemed to be most frequent on his lips, 'Where was hell? What was hell? Could we prove to him that there was a hell?' Such were the interruptions he hurled at us unceasingly, until the preacher was almost at a loss to proceed. He finished his address, however, and we commenced a hymn.

'Go to him,' said I to my veteran friend. 'Lead him from the crowd, and try to talk to him personally.' Instantly my suggestion was adopted; the preacher's arm was linked in that of the stalwart opponent, and the two crossed the road.

And what took place there, my reader? Ah, something which well illustrates the power of the gospel to subdue the hardest heart, and to quell the stoutest spirit. 'The gospel, what is that?' you say. Turn to Romans i., 16, and read the answer: 'For it is the power of God unto salvation to everyone that believeth.' Even so was it in the case of this gambling Yorkshireman. Loving words of sympathy, a clear statement about the condition of the lost in eternity, and an appeal to him to come to the Saviour, and to forsake sin, broke him down utterly, 'I'm done, sir, I'm done!' he cried,—'and I beg your pardon for interrupting you. I've often interrupted such meetings, but to-night I give up to Christ. I've won money on the course to-day, but I'm a true man, sir, and I'll come to Jesus now.' Thus he spoke, while his face became bathed with tears.

'Give me your pencil, sir, that I may write down my name and address. Here it is. I must leave immediately to catch a train; but go back to the meeting, read out my name and tell them that I've given up to Christ.

With a beaming face our veteran friend returned to the meeting. Holding the paper in his hand, he read its contents, and told the touching story of what had taken place.

Since that night much has happened. Letters have passed, and both the Yorkshireman and his godly wife have written, thankfully telling of the great change in the home. No more races or drink, no more gambling; a happy home, a smiling wife, a darling child, whose early prayers for father are answered; old things passed away, and all things become new—this is what has happened.

Has it happened in your case? Have you 'given up to Jesus'? If not, come to him now. He is gracious and waits to receive you. He died for you. He liveth again. Put your heart's trust in him, and thankfully confess him in your life.

A Dying Chinaman's Prayer.

He had been failing a long time and he was now near his end and he knew it. He had had a hard fight against sin and the lusts of a lifetime, and sometimes the odds were sadly against him. But now as he lay in that cheerless and chilly room one thought filled his mind. I went in to see him. His eyes were getting dim. 'Is that you, Mr. P.' he said. 'Yes, how is it now with you?' 'Oh, I am so cold, I can't get warm, and I am miserable all over.' 'Well, now, Tsang S-um,' I said, 'your earthly affairs are all settled, you need not concern yourself with but one thing.' 'Yes,' he said, 'I pray to Jesus all the time. But, Mr. P., I can't get up any longer and kneel down to pray. I have just to pray lying down. Won't you listen and see if I pray right?' Then, after recovering from a racking coughing spell that came on, he began:

'O God, so merciful. I am a great sinner. I have done all sorts of wrong. My heart is vile. I beseech God to forgive. I am very sick, and about to leave this world. O God help me now and give me peace. I pray for the Chinese people. They worship idols and they lie and do every kind of wickedness. O make the gospel spread abroad and take hold of men's hearts. I pray for the church members that they may be clean and be earnest, and for the enquir-

ers that they may persevere and not go back. I do pray, God, for my own son. He is a bad boy. He treated his sick father badly this very day. When he sins, O God, forgive him, and when I am gone make him grow up to be a good man. I pray for his mother. She is away and she is out of her mind. Remember her when I am gone, O God. And now, O God, I pray for a pure heart and for peace. My days have been very bitter, and I am anxious to go to Jesus. I ask in Jesus' name. Amen.'

Then, completely exhausted, he lay back and panted for breath, and there was a silence I did not care to break. When he recovered himself he said, "Mr. P." "Yes." "Do you suppose Jesus will hear me when I pray that way." I could only say I believed he would.

He lingered a while longer, and then, from poverty and gloom and pain he passed away. May we not hope that he is "Where the wicked cease from troubling, and where the weary are at rest." — Philip Francis Price, in N. Y. 'Observer.'

Why the Sermon was Dull.

'The dullest sermon I ever listened to!' exclaimed Sam, petulantly, as he came home from church.

'Yes,' replied grandpa, a twinkle in his eye, 'I thought so myself.'

'Did you, grandpa?' exclaimed Sam, glad to have someone to stand by him.

'I mean to say I thought you thought so,' replied his grandpa. 'I enjoyed it because my appetite was whetted for it before I went to church. While the minister was preaching I noticed it was just the other way with you.'

'Just the other way, how?' demanded Sam.

'Why, before you went,' answered grandpa, 'instead of sharpening your appetite for the sermon, you dulled it by reading the trashy paper. Then, instead of sitting straight up and looking at the minister while he preached as though you wanted to catch every word he said and every expression of his face, you lounged down in your seat and turned half way around. I never knew anybody who could hear a sermon right from the side of his head. Then you let your eyes rove about the church and out of the window. That dulled the sense. You dulled your ears by listening to a dog that was barking, and the milkman's bell, and the train puffing into the station. You dulled your mind and soul by thinking that you were a terribly abused boy for having to go to church and stay through the sermon, and so you made yourself a dull listener. And I never knew it to fail in my life that a dull listener made a dull sermon.' — 'Morning Guide.'

Mission Perils.

The editor of the 'Exchange,' the MS. weekly of Hsin Chen, Honan, says:—'Within a week's time four scorpions were killed in the editor's office—to wit, his bedroom, While at morning ablutions one was found in the face-cloth, three others were discovered at different times by the side of the bed, while still another was found near the knob on a door in another room. Well-armed search-parties with lighted candles can be seen every night, about eight o'clock, when the enemy, who has been lying in ambush all day, comes out from under cover to frolic and forage.

Whatever you are, don't be a stingy Christian. There are too many such already—absorbing space and soil, and yet yielding little or no fruit. Diffusion brings increase. The man who buries his money in a bag never gets rich. The more useful work you do, the more money you give for good purposes, the fuller handed you will be. There is that scattereth and yet increaseth; there is that withholdeth, and it tends to penury. A poor, hard-toiling, young lady of my acquaintance gave a fifty-dollar gold piece to help a certain struggling young church, and her generous gift brought in thousands of dollars; her one loaf was multiplied into a basketful of blessings. Sow plentifully if you want to reap big harvests. Begin to give money systematically: — so much a week, or so much a month, and see to it that the Master is not cheated out of his own. The more sacrifices of selfishness you make for Christ, the more you will love him.—'Intelligence.'

A Moody Incident.

It may be easy for such a man as the evangelist, Mr. D. L. Moody, to read the faces of the converted and those who have not made Jesus Christ their eternal Saviour. Once at a crowded meeting in the East End of London—which had been especially arranged for the unconverted—Mr. Moody was observed to look very displeased, and stopped speaking. Looking round upon the vast assembly, he said, 'Will all the Christians just rise?' There was a great hush for a moment, then a grand rustling, and more than two-thirds of the enormous congregation were standing, as if awaiting orders. 'I thought so,' said Mr. Moody, 'and I am ashamed of you all. I do hope you will have the grace to be ashamed of yourselves. There is a prayer-meeting prepared for you in the tent, to which you must now retire, for the office-bearers tell me there are thousands of your East End unconverted brothers and sisters waiting to come into this hall. Go at once to your prayer-meeting and pray earnestly for these poor waiting souls.' God honored Mr. Moody's faith, and showers of blessing fell that night upon the parched souls of hitherto Satan-bound men and women, and much good to the neighborhood resulted.

Tithe Giving.

A school teacher in Maryland says that when she began teaching, ten years ago, she also began tithing. Since then she has been bountifully blessed, and has received two promotions, the last one nearly doubling her salary. This is her testimony: 'I find it a great pleasure to have a regular sum set apart for religious and charitable work, and recently have decided that I must give a little more than a tenth to the blessed work.' Another tithe-giver began when in college by setting aside two dollars out of the twenty he could call his own. 'That was the hardest battle,' he says, and since then I have found it comparatively easy to lay aside sacredly for my Master's exclusive use that which belongs to him. The result of this seven years of tithe-giving is such a blessing, outward and inward, as I had never dared hope for then.' A Pennsylvania member says that when he proposed giving a tenth he was met with the objection arising from being in debt. The Lord showed him that he was spending a large part of the tenth on tobacco.—'Golden Rule.'

Sleep Necessary.

A young man wrote to me some time ago to say that having made up his mind to succeed in life he had begun to rise every morning at five o'clock in order to study languages. He also said—and I did not feel inclined to swoon with surprise—that he felt very ill, and would like to know if this was due to early rising. Now, I am not a doctor, but I felt no hesitation in telling my correspondent that he was probably committing suicide by a gradual but certain process. I have read pretty tales about great men who could do with three or four hours' sleep, but then we are not great men, we are only ordinary mortals, and if we are to be healthful and strong we require at least seven or eight hours of good, restful sleep. If you want to get up at five, go to bed at nine, and make up your mind that the self-righteous boasting of people who do without sleep, and all the exquisite tales of noble heroes who only slumbered twenty hours a week, shall never lead you to depart from an exceedingly wholesome and necessary rule. If we all got more sleep, the lunatic asylums would not be as full as they are.—F. A. Atkins.

The Glow-Worm and the Sun.

(By L. H. Washington.)

In an address given at the International Missionary Union, held at Clifton Springs, N.Y., by the Rev. J. Chamberlain, D.D., of India, the speaker gave a touching picture of the relative light given by the religions of the Orient, so-called, and of the bible. After quoting some beautiful passages from Confucius, the Vedas, and the Koran, some of which indicated the greatest heights attainable through human virtue and power alone, he said: 'But there is no Christ, no divine help, no saving power, no light to lead through the darkness of despair to the glory of the resurrection in all these books.' Then followed the illustration:

'Some years ago I was making a long journey with missionary comrades. Darkness overtook us when we were well in advance of our camping supplies. It was suggested that while waiting we engage in evening devotions. We were without light with which to read God's word. At the moment I saw a glow-worm at my feet. I placed it upon a page of my pocket-testatemnt, and from its faint trail I read aloud before we engaged in prayer. It was the best light we had, but who would depend upon a glow-worm when the glorious sun appeared?'—'Standard.'

The Remedy for Worrying.

Last night I had a long talk with a lawyer, distinguished and able. He is now fifty years old. I remember as to his apparently vigorous health.

'Yes,' he said, 'I am perfectly well. Two years ago I turned over a new leaf. I have broken down two or three times in my life, and I knew that unless I did something I should break down again.'

'And what did you do?' I asked.

'I made up my mind that I would not worry about my business.'

'And were you able, by this act of your will, to stop all worrying?'

'Yes,' he replied, 'I was. No matter how hard a case I have, or how discouraging the outlook is in any line of business, I never let it trouble me out of the office.' Why, the other night I slept twelve hours!'

I stood in astonishment before this wise jurist and strong man in admiration for such determination. Not every man, possibly, has this power, of will; not every man at the age of fifty can give up worrying. But I believe that most men by the supreme power of will could cause themselves to worry much less than they do.'—Congregational Advance.'

Don't lodge the Saviour in the cold attic of the brain, but welcome him into the warm parlor of the heart.

BOYS AND GIRLS

A Thought and its Harvest.

By Gisela Dittrick Britt, in 'The Christian Endeavor World.')

One, two, three, sounded the big hall clock, and with a silvery tinkle the little French time-piece on the mantel echoed the warning.

'Come, Marion, it is high time we were off'; and Elsie shook out her skirts and began to draw on her gloves.

'O Elsie, won't you go without—.'

'There, that'll do, Mistress Mary, quite contrary. You promised; and, as your word is your bond, you'll go with me to call on Mrs. Dunbar this very afternoon.'

Marion Sandford smiled as she laid down her book, but into her gray eyes there flashed a little look of determination.

'Elsie Dean, you're a truly "witch," or I never would have given such a promise; but I warn you, this is the last time, the spell is broken.' The her face grew grave and her voice low and earnest. 'I haven't time for such things, Elsie; I must be about my Father's business.'

'Well, how do you know he isn't sending you to Mrs. Dunbar's, just as well as over to old Mrs. Carson's?' Then, half-ashamed, half-defiant, reckless Elsie waited for the merited rebuke.

To her astonishment, it did not come; but Marion's sweet face, grew strangely bright as she turned toward her cousin.

'Perhaps he is, Elsie, I hadn't thought of such a thing,' she said, simply.

Half an hour later the two girls sat in Mrs. Dunbar's beautiful parlor, listening, as they sipped their fragrant chocolate, to that lady's lively chatter.

'It was perfectly charming of you two girls to come this afternoon. You must have known how gloomy I was. And Dr. Wilcox says I must stay in another day. Just think!' I've been shut up for three weeks with this provoking old cold. I'm fairly becoming morbid. Mr. Dunbar thinks if he supplies me with all the new books and magazines I should have no cause for complaint, but I'm frantic to get out. Paint? O yes, a little bit; but I'm tired of that, too. I finished a lovely study in violets last week; would you like to see it? You'll have to come up to my studio. I warn you; it's up a "winding stair," up, up, up, next the roof. Will you venture? This way then.'

Up the broad, polished stairway, past the pretty sleeping-rooms with their luxurious appointments, up again, until they reached a low door, before which their hostess paused.

'Now, girls, do shut your eyes as you go through this room. It is a perfect sight, I assure you. As fast as we get through with an article or tire of it, it is relegated to this place. You won't wonder that I call it the "Old Curiosity Shop,"' and she threw open the door.

ELSIE LOOKED UP IN SURPRISE.

The girls laughed merrily as they peeped into the long, dimly lighted room, and Elsie made speedy reply, 'Mrs. Dunbar, I will not shut my eyes. I am a lineal descendant of Fatima, and I must see the secret chamber. O—O—O! What treasures! But what are you going to do with it all?'

'Mercy, I don't know. Keep on piling it up, I guess. There are many things that we had in the old house, and—well, I suppose there's a bit of a heart left in me, after all, and it won't let me cast them off. Mr. Dunbar gets real provoked at me sometimes, and threatens total annihilation, but the pile keeps on growing. Now, this old engraving ——' she turned the picture so that the winter sunlight, stealing through the high mullioned windows, rested like a benediction on the divine faces of mother and child. 'I always did like it; it somehow rested me; but of course, it's too antiquated to allow downstairs; so here it is, turned to the wall. I suppose some of these days off they'll all go to some First street shop, faithful old friends.' And she brushed from her white jewelled fingers a tiny cobweb, which seemed loath to leave them.

'Oh, better than that, have an auction, do! What fun that would be, Mrs. Dunbar! I'd bid high for that dear old Sleepy Hollow chair. It does look so "cumfible," doesn't it, Marion?'

But the question was unheeded; for Marion Sanford, standing in that shadowy room, had received a message from her Father, and was pleading silently, yet O so earnestly! with him.

O would he not take it back and spare her this once? She could not. She could not. And the color left the fair cheeks, and the heart of the timid girl began to throb painfully. She, a comparative stranger, deliver such a message to this careless, fashionable woman! She could even see the dainty eyebrows lift, and feel the surprised inflection of the soft voice.

And Elsie would be so indignant at her 'everlasting preaching,' and would turn it off with one of her merry speeches; and they would leave; and to-morrw Mrs. Dunbar would tell her callers about that 'peculiar little enthusiast,' and they would laugh, and—O, she just couldn't. She couldn't. It was too hard. And she shouldn't know how to begin. She just couldn't.

But what had she told God in that morning watch? Had she not asked him to use her this very day? Yes, but she had meant so differently.

Then she heard again her mother's sweet farewell—'Marion, precious child, "whatsoever he saith unto you, do it."'

And she did.

'Mrs. Dunbar, did you know that the old Cravens house was occupied?' Why, that was strange! She had not meant to say those words at all. But Mrs. Dunbar was replying, while Elsie looked up in surprise at the unexpected question.

'No, I did not. Why, I had an idea that that old house was given over to the spooks and bats, Miss Sandford. Ugh! it makes me shiver to think of it. What sort of an occupant can the old place boast? A miser or misanthrope, surely.'

'May I tell you about them, Mrs. Dunbar?' And Marion's earnest face, with its tender mouth and grave, questioning eyes was very sweet to look upon; and a little dawning suspicion that this girl was different from any she knew made Mrs. Dunbar give a quick assent and motion uneasy Elsie to keep quiet.

Then Marion, with one small hand resting on the old spinning-wheel before her, told her little story.

'In that old, lonely house, in the few habitable rooms, lives a mother and daughter. The mother, a gentle, white-haired woman, lies always on her bed, for she is an invalid. The daughter, just my age, goes every day to her hard work in the factory, leaving that mother all alone. It was not always so, but riches take to themselves wings sometimes and fly away; so they are here alone, poor and friendless. Susie could get steady work in the factory here, and the only place in town within reach of their slender means was the old tumble-down house by the river; and there she brought her one treasure, her dear, suffering mother, and there they live alone.

'To-day Susie said to me, and the tears rolled steadily down her thin white cheeks: "Miss Sandford, I've given her up. God knows how hard it is, for she is all I have, and oh, it will be so lonely when she is gone! but he knows best, and someway he will help me bear it. I know it will not be many weeks that I can have her; and, oh, it

hurts me so that I cannot make these weeks more beautiful for her! She loves pretty dainty things. I know she longs for them, though she never says a word. If I could only brighten up the worn old rooms a bit! If I could only put a picture she liked on the old bare wall, where she could lie and look at it when I am gone! I don't mean to complain, for I am so thankful I can get her the food she needs; but sometimes I feel as though I could go and beg for some of the lovely things I see through the windows of the house on my way home from the factory, and sometimes I almost believe I could steal! There she lies, week after week, day after day, looking at those bare white walls, my precious mother. Oh, Miss Sanford, won't her mansion up yonder seem glorious to her?"

There was a hush in that attic room while a little bird on the sill without twittered softly to its mate; then Mrs. Dunbar went swiftly across the room, and, to Elsie's utter amazement, took Marion's face in both her hands and kissed the tremulous mouth.

'You blessed little messenger! Your King can trust you. I understand. Whatever you want, take, child.'

Then the color came flying back into the girl's cheeks, and her gray eyes sparkled.

'Oh, Mrs. Dunbar, may I truly?'

'Indeed you may, my dear. And perhaps the old things will leave a bit of blessing in their trail.'

Marion's quick ear caught the note of longing in the light tones, and she looked up into the face above her.

'Our Saviour said it was more blessed to give than to receive.'

Mrs. Dunbar laughed a little nervously. 'Well, I'm going to try the experiment once, at any rate. Now, my dear, what will you choose out of all this medley? Make your selection, and I will send John down there in the morning.'

Then Elsie found her voice before Marion could reply. 'Oh, wouldn't it be fun to fix the rooms up and surprise that poor girl? Isn't there some way we could do it?' 'We!' Marion's heart gave a great leap. Was it possible that Elsie was interested, Elsie, gay, careless, selfish Elsie, for whom she had been praying so earnestly? No wonder she answered joyously: 'Yes, we can, for to-morrow Susie will not be home till night; she can earn a dollar by some extra work at noon, and I promised to go over and get Mrs. Douglas's dinner. We can have the room all ready by the time she comes home. Oh, it is just beautiful!' And Marion's face shone with such a radiance that even Mrs. Dunbar felt the glow, and Elsie left unsaid the saucy little speech that tingled on her tongue.

Then the choosing began, and soon there was a funny pile in the middle of the floor—Elsie's "cumfible" chair, a low rocker, a little swinging shelf, two pretty lamps, three rugs, some curtains which Mrs. Dunbar promised should be sent crisp and fresh, a round table, some old-fashioned vases, two or three fine old engravings, a little foot-stool, and a pair of old andirons and a quaint fire-screen, Marion's choice. A motley collection; but, telling her husband the little tale that night, and showing him the pile, Mrs. Dunbar felt a strange thrill pass through her, as if the old things on that attic floor had a mysterious power about them. Long afterward she knew they had.

Deftly and quickly the two girls went about that transformation scene. Marion in her winsome way, seeking first the permission of the gentle invalid to make the changes in her rooms.

Out went the smoky little stove, and Marion's nimble fingers opened the old fireplace, and set up her andirons triumphantly; and soon the crackling, cheery blaze rushed up the chimney, leaving behind a glow and warmth that filled the room.

The rough floor was soon hidden by the bright rugs; the fresh white curtains were hung before the bleak windows; the little shelf was fastened up and the vases placed thereon; the ivy, Susie's one delight, was carefully twined about the beautiful engravings, hiding the worn frames; the big, easy-chair was drawn up before the fire, and a soft, warm sleeping-wrap thrown over it; opposite, the low rocker, with its pretty new cushions, which Elsie had sat up half the night to fashion, and over the fire-place, in the space just fitted for it, looked down the exquisite face of the picture.

Now, at eventide, their work was nearly done, and they were going. Out in the kitchen was waiting a tempting little supper, which they had merrily prepared, with many excursions to and from the cheerless little bed-room; for they did not know everything, these willing workers. Very carefully and tenderly they had borne the frail form from the inner room into the bright, home-like one without; and now she lay back in quiet content, looking up at the tender face above her.

It surely was more blessed to give than to receive, thought Mrs. Dunbar, as, wrapped in her warm furs, she stood unnoticed on the threshold of that wonderful room looking at the radiant faces of the two girls, and listening to Marion's low, sweet

'And I shall see Him face to face.'

What was there about this girl so strangely fair and sweet? She, a stranger among them, just visiting for a few short months; and see what she had done. Mrs. Dunbar had heard, even to-day, of other little ministrations of this young girl; and she could not understand. Was it possible that this child was wiser than she?'

Then there came to her a long-forgotten story of a little maid among the Syrians, and she smiled as she raised her hand to give warning of her presence; then her hand dropped silently by her side, and she listened, for it was the low voice of the woman that she heard. 'Yes, I shall soon see him face to face, the King in his beauty; and I am glad to have such a sweet story to tell him. How beautiful the days will be, here in this cosy room, where I shall wait for his coming! God bless the willing hands and feet that have done so much to-day. And now, dear ones, shall we ask him to bless her who has made all this possible?'

There was a moment's silence, as the girlish heads were bowed, while the woman in the hallway caught her breath with a quick sob; it had been many years since any one had prayed for her.

'Dear Father, thou dids't whisper a beautiful thought to these thy children, and the joy of it is filling our hearts. Keep these, thy little ones, ever pure and fair in thy sight, until they reach the promised land. And that other, her whom thou hast trusted with thy riches, wilt thou not tell her to-night that, inasmuch as she has done it to one of the least of these her brethren, she has done it unto thee?. May thy blessing abide with her; and if she knows not the way of life everlasting, turn her wandering feet into the path that leads to thee. This we ask in Jesus' name. Amen!'

They never knew she heard; and they wondered a little as they went out at the faint perfume of violets.

The days are passing on; the little maid has gone back to her distant home; but that thought, God's message, has blossomed into radiant beauty.

In that attic room the treasures are growing fewer; there have been other comforters sent out from among them; other modest homes have been gladdened at their coming. There will never be a useless pile up there again, for the mistress is learning Marion's secret. Day after day her carriage stands before the old house down by the river, for down there is 'the peace which passeth understanding'; and this weary, world-worn woman longs for it.

Susie has found in her a friend that will make the rough pathway smoother, and shield her from the dangers that lurk along it.'

But Elsie, merry, fun-loving, careless Elsie! Last week she wrote: 'Dear Marion, I've found him, too, in the old house on the river bank, in that room. Oh, Marion, suppose you hadn't!'

But she did.

Troublesome Charlie.

('American Messenger.')

It was Monday afternoon, and on his way home from business Roland Parker met a friend—a teacher in the same Sunday-school. 'Have you heard about poor Maitland?' was his friend's inquiry. 'No, what is the matter?' said Roland. 'In mischief again?' 'No; not this time,' returned his companion, sadly. 'He will never trouble you or anyone else with his tiresome tricks any more. The poor boy has met with an accident, and is fearfully injured; indeed, I doubt very much if he is still alive.'

Roland's heart smote him painfully at the sad news, and his friend went on: 'The boy,' he said, 'was leading some horses on Saturday afternoon, and the animals were startled at something, and bolted. Charlie held on and tried to stop them; for he is a bold, resolute lad; but they broke away, threw him down and kicked him terribly about the body and legs. He recovered consciousness, however, when he was taken home, and last night he was still living, though the doctor held out no hope whatever. The accident did not happen here, so that is the reason, I suppose, that no one knew of it yesterday.'

Roland was so shocked at the news that at first he could hardly speak. He felt conscience-smitten, too; for although he had always done the best he could with the boy, and had taught him most carefully the way of salvation through Jesus Christ, he had no hope that his words had been heeded, and he knew that, at the bottom of his heart, he would have rejoiced to be rid of so troublesome a charge. Now, whatever chances he had had were gone for ever, and Charlie Maitland, the most unfit boy in the class to be summoned into the presence of God, was to be called to go, if, indeed, he was not already standing before his Judge.

'Poor fellow!' he said. 'I am indeed distressed to hear the dreadful news. God grant his life may yet be spared, for I have no hope that the boy is a Christian, or that he can be ready to obey so sudden a summons into eternity. I must confess he has almost wearied out my patience, and that I have not been, I fear, so forbearing as I ought.'

Wishing his friend good-bye, Roland Barker hurried off at once to the house of his scholar. Charlie was still alive, his mother said, her voice broken by bitter weeping, but the doctor had been in again and said that there was no hope. He might live a few days, but he could never recover. 'He can speak a little now,' added the poor woman, 'and he knows everyone. He has been asking for you, sir.'

Roland was rather surprised that there had been any such inquiry; it gave him more hope that perhaps some word of his

might now be listened to, even at the eleventh hour: he went upstairs.

Charlie lay propped up with pillows, his bright eyes wide open and intelligent, but his face deathly pale. 'Oh, teacher,' said the boy, as Roland went forward and took his hand kindly, 'Oh! teacher, I'm so glad to see you! I thought I'd die before you came. I haven't been able to speak till to-day, and now I can tell you all.'

Roland wondered what the child could possibly have to tell him, but he sat down by his side, and tried to sooth his evident excitement, thinking he was eager to relate the details of the terrible accident, so far as he could remember it. But it was nothing of the kind. Charlie had other things to speak of now, things that Roland would never have thought possible.

'Teacher,' he began, fixing his shining eyes on Roland's face, 'you remember the lesson you gave us in class on Sunday week, the last time I was there; I was cracking nuts, I know, and pinching Jack Hone, and I'm sorry, teacher—but I was listening all the time—I remember it all—it was about the Bridegroom coming, you know, and the door being shut when the women-folk came too late—and you told us, teacher, there would come a time to all of us when the door would be shut; and now'—and Charlie's voice dropped lower, and a faint flush stole into his cheek—'and now, teacher, it is shut for me, but I am on the right side—I am not shut out—Jesus has let me inside, and I am going to him.'

There was silence for a minute, for Roland was so overcome with astonishment and thankfulness that he could not answer the child all at once. And then Charlie went on to tell, in a soft, low voice, how, underneath all his fun and all his real naughtiness, which he owned with a pitiful regret, there had long been lurking a secret wish that he was a Christian, 'like teacher'; how that lesson had impressed him, how he had gone to find the Bridegroom before the Bridegroom suddenly came, and how he had been let in to kiss his feet. 'I would have been different, teacher, so different,' he said, 'if I had ever come back into the class, I would indeed. I wanted to tell you I had found Jesus for my own, and he had opened the door for me, but I didn't dare come to you, I thought you mightn't understand. I thought perhaps I could on Sunday, only—only I was afraid you wouldn't believe me, teacher,'

Roland wondered to himself whether he really would, and was obliged to own that probably he would not, so small were his expectations of ever seeing his prayers answered for troublesome Charlie. He felt humiliated and ashamed for his poor feeble faith in the promises of God, and asked Charlie's forgiveness if he had ever discouraged or repelled him by his want of sympathy and his frequent stern reproofs. He could see by the replies that there was something to be forgiven, though the dying boy would openly acknowledge nothing but his own sin, and rebellion and ingratitude. They prayed together, Roland Barker pouring out his troubled heart in thanksgiving, the young soul, new to the kingdom of heaven, sending up its broken cry of penitence, and praise, and intercession for others; so early does the redeemed one desire the redemption of those still in bondage.

Charlie did not die immediately, as the doctor had fully expected. He had received a fatal injury, and he never again left his bed, but he rallied slightly and lived for some weeks, seeing many of his old friends and school-fellows, and 'preaching Jesus and the resurrection,' to all who entered that chamber of death, in which the glory of Immanuel's land seemed already to have dawned. Then he passed away joyously, gladly, triumphantly, into the presence of the King to whom the love and allegiance of his warm young heart had been so completely and freely given.

Roland Barker went back to his work with a new strength for service. God's promise was now a reality as never before, for had it not been graciously fulfilled, as it were, in spite of his lack of faith? It was not a mere figure of speech, then, after all; it was plainly, simply true that:

'Thou can't not toil in vain;
Cold, heat, and moist and dry
Shall foster and mature the grain,
For garners in the sky.'

I know not where his islands lift
Their fronded palms in air;
I only know I cannot drift
Beyond his loving care.
—J. G. Whittier.

A man must not choose his neighbor; he must take his neighbor that God sends him. In him, whoever he be, is hidden or revealed a beautiful brother. The neighbor is just the man who is next to you at the moment. This love of our neighbor is the only door out of the dungeon of self. — George Macdonald.

Do you want your friends to remember you when you are gone? Then love them while you are here.

The Secret of Happiness.

A TRUE STORY.

(By Annie E. Baker, in the 'Occident.')

The Sunday-school class that Miss White was asked to take soon after she went to Greenville to live, was a very disorderly one, and yet the boys did not deserve the bad name they had in the school. They were not bad boys, only full of fun and mischief, and sometimes they found it hard to sit quietly during the lesson hour. After hearing that the class was 'the worst in the school,' and that 'the boys carried on dreadfully,' Miss White consented to take them, but she did so with a faint heart, but also a determination to do her best, and yet feeling that if half that was said about them was true she would not be able to manage them.

And how surprised she was that first Sunday! In the first place, they were nice-looking boys, with frank, open faces; and then they had a straight-forward way of talking, that made the new teacher feel sure she would like them. But what pleased her most of all, was that their mischief was open and above board, with no attempt at concealment; and when one of the boys said to her, 'the fellows hope you won't be as cross as the last teacher was, why, she was just as cross and scolded us every Sunday,' she decided not to scold at all, but to manage the ten boys before her, in some other way.

As time passed, she found that other way a good one, for she not only had a quiet well behaved class, but became fond of the boys and enjoyed teaching them. One Sunday a few days after Christmas, something was said by one of the boys that made Miss White wonder if all the class understood about self-sacrifice, and the pleasure that comes from making other people happy.

The lesson was over and in the few moments before the closing exercises of the school, they were talking of the things they had received on Christmas. After listening to them a short time, Miss White said, 'Are you not thankful to have these things, boys?' Ralph, who was at all times spokesman of the class, answered, 'thankful for what my father gives me? Of course not, because he likes to give me presents, if he can find out what I would rather have.' Just then the superintendent's bell rang, and Miss White did not have time to say anything more, but after Sunday-school she invited the boys to come and see her the next afternoon, telling them to be sure and come, as she had something she wanted to talk over with them.

The next afternoon, at the appointed time, the boys met at their teacher's home, and after playing some games in the garden, and climbing up into the seat built in the old apple tree, they came indoors, and enjoyed the nice supper, ready for them.

Then, when supper was over, and they had gone back to the parlor, Miss White told them about her plan; how she had listened to them on Sunday, when they were talking about their Christmas presents, and while they were speaking of the many beautiful things they had received, she thought of a poor boy, who would be thankful if he had only one present, something that would make the long wearisome days pass more pleasantly. The boys seemed interested, and asked so many questions about this strange boy—who would be pleased with one present, that Miss White said she would begin at the beginning and tell them about him.

His name was Jimmy Brown, and his father was a bad man, who did not take care of his family, but went away and left his wife and children with no money, only a small house, with a tiny garden behind it. Mrs. Brown was a brave little woman, and when she found that her husband had really gone off and left them to take care of themselves, she did the best she could to take his place as the bread-winner of the family; and she succeeded, for all who knew her sad story were sorry for her, and she found work that kept her busy for several days each week.

She was thankful to have the work to do, but it was hard to go away, day after day, and be gone until night, for the oldest girl worked in the large mill near the house, and there was no one else to stay at home with the three younger children—Jimmy and his two little sisters.

One day, when she had gone to her work as usual, leaving the children alone, Jimmy met with the accident which made him a cripple for the rest of his life. He was crossing the street in front of the house when a fire-engine, drawn by two large horses, came running down the street, and before the frightened child could get out of the way he was knocked down, and one of the heavy wheels passed over his back. Jimmy was four years old when this happened, and for the next three years he was so ill that the physician said he must stay very quietly in bed, as that was his only hope of getting well again. But even this long rest did not make him strong and well, for he was so thin and weak that at last his mother was told that he would never be very strong again, and she must let him go out of doors and take what exercise he could; for he could no longer run and play like other boys, but crept around on crutches, a poor little hunch-back, some days not able to go out at all.

'That is all I know of Jimmy's past,' said Miss White, 'and now, I will tell you about my visit to him last week. He lives on the top of a hill, and as I drove up to the house, I saw Jimmy sitting by the window, looking wistfully down the road, as if he was wishing someone would come to see him. Mrs. Brown was at home, and came to the door to meet me, and as she took the basket of fruit I had brought for her little boy, she said, "Jimmy saw you from the window, and

is so glad you have come, for it is one of his bad days, when he feels too weak to go out of doors."' 'And, boys,' continued Miss White, 'if you had seen his pale face light up with pleasure as I entered the room, you would understand how little he has to make him happy. When I looked around the room, living-room, dining-room and kitchen in one, with the large cook-stove—making the room so hot and disagreeable—a pine table, and one hard-bottom chair, and an old worn-out lounge. I wondered what Jimmy amused himself with when he could not go out of doors. And so I asked him what he did all-day long when his mother was away and his little sisters at school; and what do you think he said? "I sit by the window, and watch the teams go by." Think of that, boys! No books to read! No toys to play with, such long dull days to spend alone, with only a glimpse of the horses and carriages that passed the house, far down at the bottom of the hill.

'"Jimmy is such a good boy," said his mother, "rarely complaining, and so kind to his little sisters, but what can I do? It takes all the money I can earn, and what Jane gets at the mill, too, to get the food and clothes we must have and there is not a cent left to spend on play things for Jimmy."

'Boys, do you know what I want you to do?' said Miss White, as she finished her story and as she looked into the earnest bright faces before her, she thought that they did know. And then how many questions were asked and plans suggested about the present all wanted to get for Jimmy. First one boy talking, and then another, and sometimes two or three speaking at once, until Miss White said, 'I think we all agree that Jimmy shall have a present, but as no two boys decide on the same thing to get for him we must let him decide it himself.' And a committee was appointed, consisting of Miss White and Ralph, to see Jimmy the next day and find out just what he wanted most. And it did not take long to find out, when the committee went to the little house on the hill, what the desire of his heart was, for he said—as soon as the question was asked—'I want a tool chest. I had a little one once, but all the tools got broken; and if I could only have a real good set of tools I would be so happy.'

After Sunday-school the next week, Miss White and her class waited until the others had gone out and then she told them of Jimmy's wish for a tool chest and added, 'You are interested in this poor little cripple and are pleased at the thought of the pleasure your gift will give him, but your pleasure will be truer and better if you deny yourselves and spend the money instead for the tool chest. Remember this: 'The greatest pleasre any one can have in this world, is the pleasure of doing something for some one else.'

When Miss White met her class next she knew that now they understood about self-sacrifice and were happier and better boys for denying themselves as they had done; for as each boy gave her his money—and asked her to get the best tool chest she could find—he told her how it had been saved and she know that every cent of it meant something that had been given up for Jimmy's sake. And what a tool chest she did get! It was a big one, sure enough, almost too long to get into the carriage, as they found when she and Ralph took it to Jimmy; and when Ralph told the other boys of Jimmy's joy and of his words of thankfulness when he received his beautiful gift, they felt fully repaid for what they had done and decided on the spot to adopt Jimmy, and do what they could to brighten his life by going to see him often and making him feel they were his real, true friends.

Miss White never regretted taking her Sunday-schol class, but has it still, and is proud of the boys who have learned the secret of true happiness—doing good to others.

Miss Fanny.

(M. B. Manwell, in 'Children's Friend.')

'Hi, you chaps, come over here. Make a back Little Dabbs, this moment, for your betters.'

It was the luncheon quarter of an hour, and over the play-fields rushed some two hundred boys, the scholars of St. Margaret's. The football season was past, and cricket was 'on,' for it was early May, and the weather was gloriously warm. But to-day was to be given up to a jumping competition; there would be no cricket.

The head master's uncle, a rich Indian civilian, had come on a brief visit to the old school where he himself had been educated. He brought some handsome prizes — Indian curiosities—and offered them for a jumping competition. The boys of every form were wildly excited over the event; none more so than a couple of chums about the same age—twelve — Little Dabbs and 'Miss Fanny.'

Why Dabbs went as 'Little,' seeing he was the only Dabbs at St. Margaret's, nobody knew.

'He must have been born little Dabbs!' supposed the boys.

As for 'Miss Fanny,' otherwise Francis Eade, there never was such an unfortunate boy sent to public school.

'Poor little chap, he is so horribly pretty and girlish!' even the kindliest of his schoolmates said pityingly. The rest led him a terrible life because of his crisp, curly, golden hair, his pink cheeks, and his large blue eyes. They didn't know the boy — yet. So he was just 'Miss' Fanny to the whole school; even the masters, catching up the nickname, secretly agreed among themselves that the cap fitted.

Both Little Dabbs and 'Miss Fanny' were wild to win the special prize for the junior boys under thirteen — a belt with a wonderfully carved Indian silver clasp. They had entered themselves and practiced jumping assiduously, particularly Little Dabbs.

The luncheon quarter of an hour was over,

A GAME AT LEAP-FROG.

and the boys boisterously charged into school, all but two boys, who lagged behind.

'What's up?' whispered 'Miss Fanny,' for Little Dabbs's face was all puckered and drawn.

'Brown Major gave me an awful kick on the shin with his heel when I made a back for him, that's all!' faltered Little Dabbs, and 'Miss Fanny's' face lengthened.

A kick on the shin and the jumping competition that very afternoon! 'Miss Fanny' was strangely quiet for the rest of the morning.

As for Little Dabbs, his hurt shin grew hourly more painful. The sixth-form boy whose fag he was, good-naturedly anointed the inflamed part, with a private remedy,

but shook his head over Little Dabbs's chances.

'I do so want to win the prize!' moaned Little Dabbs in confidence to 'Miss Fanny,' but you'll gain it now, for we two are the best of the junior lot, everybody says!'

'Miss Fanny,' bit his lip, and screwed up his large blue eyes as if making up his mind to something. Of course he could easily win now.

Afternoon came, and with it a crowd of ladies, invited from the neighborhood to see the fun.

The competition was keen enough among the elder boys, the bar being raised again and again to try their powers. At last the various prizes were won, and there remained only the juniors' contest.

'Oh, what a dear pretty boy!' loudly murmured the ladies seated on chairs within the ring of watching boys, who all grinned widely at the flutter as 'Miss Fanny,' his jacket and shoes off, and blushing pinker than ever, stepped into the circle.

Behind him came Little Dabbs and a number of juniors. The bar was lowered for them, and the contest began. It was at once seen that 'Miss Fanny' was the best jumper, and the ladies clapped their hands delightedly. Then the bar was raised gradually, and, one by one, the juniors failed, and fell away until there remained but 'Miss Fanny' and Little Dabbs, whose shin was getting insufferably painful. Still, his pluck kept him up. Finally, the bar was again raised.

'"Miss Fanny" has missed!' A disappointed groan burst from the eager watchers, and it deepened when the boy, a second trial being allowed each, again failed, knocking off the bar. It was now little Dabbs' turn. Pulling himself together with an effort that whitened his face to the lips, he cleared the bar without brushing it, and fell heavily, fainting from pain.

They carried Little Dabbs off the field on a stretcher, to be tended by the doctor. But they carried 'Miss Fanny' off shoulder-high, with uproarious cheers.

'Ha! ha! found you out!' said the Indian civilian, clapping the blushing boy heartily. 'You let him win! Eh?'

'Well, sir, Little Dabbs was so set on winning!'

'Miss Fanny' walked innocently into the trap, and wondered why everybody cheered louder.

When Little Dabbs's shin healed there was another sports day held and the prizes were given.

Oddly enough, there were two belts with silver clasps presented—one for the junior who won the final jumping competition, and another for the junior who didn't. From that day forth everyone at St. Margaret's knew that if a boy had pretty features and dainty ways, it was not to say he could not do brave things and win the hardest victory of all—that over self.

Like as a Father Pitieth His Children.

(By Mary Morrison Chase.)

There were strong indications of a shower in Allie Payne's face as she set the table for supper. A thundercloud hung heavy above her eyes in the shape of an ugly frown, and two or three drops trickled off the end of her nose and fell on the bottom of baby May's plate which she had just turned over on the table. She brushed them off impatiently, sniffling in a broken-hearted way.

'What is it, daughter? Shall I help you a little?' asked father, who was drying his feet by the fire while waiting for the supper which mamma was unable to get, having a severe attack of headache.

Allie only sniffled the harder, and set on the cold meat and bread and butter in a martyr-like manner. No appetizing warm buns to-night, or delicious apple-sauce, for Allie had stayed away to coast after school, and had only got home a few minutes before to find the kitchen fire out and mamma on the bed with her head tied up in vinegar. And to cap the climax, father had come home bringing a pair of awkward buckle arctics with thick soles, in place of the dainty storm alaskas she had admired so much. True they were more servicable and only half the price, which was an item to consider this winter when father's wages were only half what they had always been before; but Allie did not consider this matter, and condoled with herself in a doleful manner over her hard lot.

The despised arctics were on the sitting-room table where father had laid them, and she had not condescended to examine them after the first glance; but after supper was ready and baby May in her high chair by papa's side, she went away by herself into the sitting-room.

'Great clumsy things,' she muttered, and throwing herself on the couch the long delayed deluge came at last, and she wept until her poor little nose looked like a small boiled beet, and her eyes were hardly visible inside the swollen and inflamed lids.

Finally the sobs grew fainter and farther between, and to Allie it seemed as if the room had grown strangely dark all at once. The light was burning low upon the table and it seemed to be covered with bottles and tumblers containing medicine. A strange sound of distressed breathing came from the bedroom near by, with an occasional hoarse muffled cough.

Mamma passed through the room several times, but she looked so pale and wan Allie hardly knew her. A grave-looking man sat by the fire, occasionally rising and going into the bedroom, then coming out and sitting down again, while his face grew graver with each visit.

By and by Mrs. Jones, their nearest neighbor, came out and sat down by his side.

'Do you think there is any hope, doctor?' she asked in an anxious tone.

'I am afraid not,' the grave-looking man replied, 'His lungs are filling fast.'

'It is dreadfully sudden,' she said sadly. 'He seemed to be well enough two days ago, when I met him coming home.'

'Yes, these sudden congestions are very dangerous. I met him at the store a few evenings ago buying a pair of arctics for his little girl, and I told him then he had better get a pair for himself also, as he only had on a pair of old boots, and his feet were wet with the slush and snow; but he said Allie must have a pair first, that she must not be obliged to miss school; and I noticed that he emptied his pocket-book to pay for them.'

Mrs. Jones rose sadly, and went back into the bed-room at the sound of the hoarse cough, and Allie started up with pale face and wildly beating heart to see father bending over her.

'Dreaming, daughter? Did you get too tired to eat your supper?' he asked tenderly.

Allie looked down at the old worn boots on his feet, and bursting into tears threw her arms about his neck and sobbed until the poor little eyes were like to be obliterated altogether.

Father took her on his knee and hugged her up as he did baby May, until the storm had spent itself, and when quiet was restored the thunder-clouds had all vanished, and the sun struggled out through the poor swollen eyes.

Allie watched her father anxiously for many days, carefully warming his slippers every evening, and drying the worn boots by the kitchen fire.

It was only a dream, but it brought to mind the words of a text in her Sabbath-school lesson long ago, which kept repeating themselves over and over in her mind: 'Like as a father pitieth his children'; and this far away Father in heaven seemed to be very near as she repeated the words over and over to herself; so near that the love of both the dear earthly father and the Father whom she had always felt to be so far distant, seemed to blend into one; whom her loving thoughtfulness made happy.

But she could not be quite content until father had brought home a warm comfortable pair of overshoes for himself whose soft, fleecy linings she examined with delight, and which she watched him wear with more real pleasure than she had ever felt in any new additions to her own wardrobe.—'American Messenger.'

Correspondence

Dear Editor,—I am a little boy nine years old. I take the 'Messenger,' and I like it very much. I have a little sister three weeks old on Saturday. She is a good baby. We have a large lawn and lots of flowers and trees. We have two cats and a kitten. My grandfather takes the 'Weekly Witness.' I remain your loving friend.

GEORGE.

Ingh, Ont.

Dear Edtor,—I am eleven years old. I have two sisters and one brother. We live on a farm. I go to school and am in the fourth book. Our new school-house is nearly finished. We have three cats. I had a mud-turtle but I didn't keep it.

Yours truly,

EVELYN.

Dear Editor,—I live on an island in the Gulf of Georgia. It is an out of the way place. No stores or nice buildings. My father keeps the post-office. I take the 'Northern Messenger,' I think it is the nicest paper I have ever had. When it comes into the house my younger sister always looks through the papers to find the 'Messenger.' We have no Mission Band or society of any kind on Denman Island, where I live. We have three cats and one dog; we have lots of other stock. Our holidays will soon be over. We are going to have a new teacher as our other one has resigned.

NETTIE, age fifteen.

Amherst, N.S.

Dear Editor,—I enjoy reading the Correspondence page very much. My father is a merchant, and has a farm about a mile from here. My grandfather takes the 'Messenger' for my brother and three other little boys. We had our picnic at Pugwash on July 20. I have three brothers and no sisters. I go to school, and I will be in the fourth grade after vacation is over.

STEELE.

Belmont, Man.

Dear Editor,—I enjoy the 'Northern Messenger' very much, especially the correspondence. Our Sunday-school gets the paper every Sunday.

Some time ago I saw a letter from Boissevain, written by Lillie. I would like to hear from her again as she was one of my schoolmates. Several years ago I took the 'Messenger,' for a year, and papa has taken the 'Witness' for three or four years. I am very fond of reading it, too.

We have no pets excepting a pup and a cat, but we have a dear little baby sister which we are all very fond of. She is two years old, and is lots of company. I am eleven years old, and I am in Grade five. We live down in the woods, and it is a delightful place in summer. We live near Pelican Lake, which is very beautiful. I remain yours respectfully.

ETHEL.

A Little Struggle and What Became Of It.

(By Rose Smythe, in 'Early Days.')

Dora Brown spent the first part of her holidays in nursing baby and helping mother with the housework. She did a little grumbling too, because the rain, which began to fall the day she 'broke up,' did not look as if it was going to stop. However, one morning, waking early, she saw the sun peeping in through the window, and the birds were singing in the garden. So she dressed and ran downstairs. She lit the fire, put the kettle on, cleaned up, got breakfast ready and picked a large bunch of roses for the table.

Half an hour later she had finished everything, and was walking down the garden path when she heard some one calling 'Dora.'

Pausing with her hoop in her hand, she gave a little sigh. 'Oh dear!' she said; 'it's mother. Now I sha'n't answer. Every morning it's the same. "Dora, Dora"; and when I say, "Yes mother," It is always "Will you come and hold baby a minute?" or, "I want you to see that this pan does not run over." And I'm tired of it. For three days and a half I've been in that house working and nursing, and feeling miserable. Look! there are Mary Simpson and Annie Simpson, and lots of others, having fun in Westbrook's back garden I can hear 'em. Their holiday is holiday, but mine is awful! There she is again —"Dora, Dora." Some people are never satisfied! I know what I'll do. I'll just pop my head round this corner, and, if she isn't looking, slip through the front gate, get behind Wright's haystack, and stay there until she goes in.'

Peeping behind the wall, her little head nearly hidden by a rose-bush, she could see without being seen. Mother was slowly walking up the back garden. She had baby in her arms—he was crying; and Tommy, dragging on to her dress behind, wanted to pick gooseberries.

'Pick gooseberries, muvver,' he shouted, 'me pick gooseberries.

Something touched Dora's heart. 'Poor mother!' she thought. 'She's had that baby all night, and he's been cross because he's teething. I daresay she's tired. Perhaps her head aches.' She stood thinking for a moment, then she said to herself: 'Now, when I got up this morning and said my prayers by the bedside, I made up my mind that I would be a good girl to-day. But it seems that it is only easy to be good when there is nothing to be naughty about.'

'Dora, Dora,' mother was still calling, as, wiping two little tears away with the corner of her apron, she answered, 'Yes, mother; I'm comin'.'

That day Dora stayed at home to keep house and mind the little ones while mother went into the country to see her sister. But she returned in the evening with roses in her cheeks and a bit of news for Dora.

'To-morrow,' she said, 'your uncle is coming here in his trap, and he will take you back with him for a fortnight.'

Now we do not believe in doing good hoping to get something in return, but if something nice turns up for us—why, we are not sorry; and neither was Dora.—'Early Days.'

Cypselus—A Greek Baby.

This is a story about Corinth, the beautiful city in Greece where Paul stayed and preached, and to whose inhabitants he wrote two epistles: like the stories of King Arthur and King Alfred, it is so old we cannot be sure every word in it is true.

Once upon a time the government was in the hand of a powerful family, one of whom had a daughter named Labda, whom every one despised because she was lame, so she had to marry a stranger, who was despised like herself; and the oracle prophesied to him that he and his

wife would have a son who would fall like a rock upon the rulers of Corinth and destroy them.

The rulers came to hear of this prophecy, and when a little son was born to Labda, they agreed to put him to death; so, in the spirit of Herod when he gave orders that the young children should be slain in Judea, the rulers sent ten of their number to the village where the child was, and they went to the father's house and asked to see the child. And Labda, who was quite unsuspicious, brought the little innocent baby and put it in the arms of one of them, for she thought they had come out of a kindly feeling to her husband.

Now they had all agreed that he who first took the child should dash it down upon the ground. But God willed that, as the man took it from its mother, the baby should smile in his face; and when the man saw the baby smile at him, just as if he were its father, he was too much touched by pity to do it any harm; so he passed it on to the next, and he being tender-hearted also, gave it to a third; and so it went through all the ten, without any one of them being wicked enough to do what the rulers had bidden.

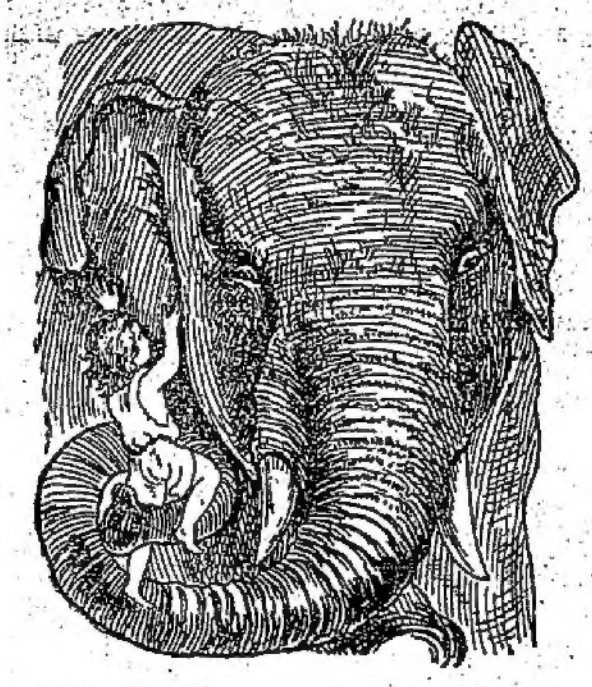
Then Labda, received the child back again, and the men went out and stood about by the door blaming and reproaching each other, the others especially blaming the first man who took the child because he had not done what they had agreed upon. At last after some time they decided to go back and kill the poor child. But meanwhile Labda, standing near the door, had heard all that they had said, and had carried off her baby and hidden him in a place that did not seem a likely spot for them to look in. This was a corn-bin, and the men when they came in never thought of searching in it, and so, having searched everywhere else in vain, they went back to Corinth and made up a story that they had done what they had been bidden to do.

'Now you must know that the Greek for 'corn-bin' is 'cypselus,' and so as the baby grew up he was called Cypselus, after his strange resting-place. And when he became a man he was so great a favorite with the people that they turned out the family that had ruled them so long and made him their king. So the little baby that smiled upon the men who came to take away his life became the king of the great city of Corinth. Some say he was good and governed wisely, others say he was cruel; but I hope the first are right, for it would be sad if one who had been so marvellously saved from death should not end well.

Even the old heathen writer who tells the story almost in the same words in which I have told it to you, seems to see that the little child with the smiling face was made to smile just at that moment by what he calls 'providence.' But we know that Providence is none other than our Father in Heaven, who takes care of small and great.—W. J. Ferrar, in New York 'Observer.'

A Kind Elephant.

Once a lady in India saw an elephant carrying two little children on his back. He wanted to go into a pond to wash himself, and the lady was afraid the children would fall off as he walked down the steep bank. But the elephant



put up his trunk and lifted them down to the ground. When he came out of the water again, he put them on his back once more, and carried them home.—'Our Little Dots.'

Two Little Girls.

They both lived in the same house. You wouldn't believe it but they both had the same mother who put them to bed with a hug and called them 'my darlings.'

'I can hardly believe it myself, but they did have the same good things to eat, the same pretty room, the same jolly papa, and the same soft, tiny, smiling baby brother. Yet you see how different they were.

'Maude, will you watch the cradle a little while?'

'Yes, mamma.'

'Mabel, will you pick up the blocks?'

'I—don't—want to!' or 'I thant!'

So it was, from morning till night, and often mamma looked very tired after baby had gone to sleep, but it wasn't baby who tired her.

One time Mabel heard her father and mother talking about it.

'I don't know what to do with Mabel, she is so trying!' said mamma wearily.

'We must do something, she is as contrary as a balky horse,' papa said. 'She's got the biggest little won't I ever saw.'

The next day he brought home a large flat paper-cutter.

'Come here, Mabel,' he said.

'I—don't'—

'Come here!' said her father sternly.

She came very slowly.

'Do you see this paper-cutter?'

'Yeth.'

'Now every time you say 'I don't want to' or 'I won't,' when you are told to do something, we shall slap your hand so. Do you see?'

'Yeth,'

In five minutes she had said 'I won't' to the nurse.

"Come here, Mabel."

The little hand was slapped, not very hard; but it was slapped so often that afternoon that Mabel thought it better to say 'I will' before night.

When papa heard this he said to Mabel: 'Now we're going to help our Mabel to get over this bad habit and we are going to try two ways; one you know about, another is to give you a blue mark on this white paper every time you do quickly what you are told. If you get a great many good marks this week, you shall go to drive with us Saturday.'

Already Mabel began to look brighter. The paper-cutter had to be used many times after that, but there were more and more blue marks each day, and one happy morning mamma said:—

'Both my girlies are comforts now.'—'Mayflower.'

Scientific Temperance Teaching.

(By Mrs. Howard Ingham, Secretary Non-Partisan W. C. T. U., Cleveland, Ohio.)

LESSON XXVI. — TOBACCO.

1. What is tobacco?

It is an *American plant*, with large green leaves, containing a deadly poison called nicotine.

2. Where does it grow?

It formerly grew only in the Southern States, but it is now largely cultivated in the North.

3. Has it any use?

Yes; it has its use in medicine, like belladonna and many other poisonous plants; but only in certain cases and in very small quantities.

4. How is it generally used?

Its dried leaves are smoked and chewed, and sometimes made into snuff.

5. Is it a good thing to use?

No; being a poison it cannot be a good thing, and at first it makes a person very ill, faint and dizzy. Sometimes it even causes death.

6. Do animals eat the plant when they find it growing?

No; animals cannot be induced to touch it.

7. Why does it make a person ill?

The body, recognizing it as a poison, struggles desperately to get rid of it.

8. How do people learn, then, to use it without trouble?

Gradually the body becomes accustomed to it, and ceases to struggle against it.

9. Is the body still poisoned by it?

Yes; the whole body is poisoned, and many severe diseases are produced by tobacco.

10. How does tobacco affect children?

It does them great harm, stunting their growth, and producing diseases of the heart and nerves. Besides, it injures the brain and weakens the mind. No boy who uses tobacco will ever become a superior scholar.

11. Are there real proofs of this?

Yes. The records of many colleges have been examined for years, and without a single exception it has been found that the students who stand highest are those who never use tobacco?

12. How is tobacco prepared for use?

It is first soaked in alcohol. Then it is dried, and afterwards cut fine for chewing, and for cigarettes, rolled for cigars, or ground for snuff. Sometimes opium and other dangerous substances are mixed with it.

13. Does the alcohol also do harm?

Yes; it produces the appetite for drink.

14. Does tobacco itself produce an appetite for drink?

It causes unnatural thirst, which often leads to the use of intoxicating drinks.

15. What do you know about intemperance produced by tobacco?

At one time, in one of the New York penitentiaries, there were six hundred persons imprisoned for crimes committed when they were intoxicated, and five hundred of these testified that their intemperance began with the use of tobacco.

16. What should we do, then, about tobacco?

Leave it entirely alone.

Hints to Teachers.

The tobacco evil is one so immediately threatening the children that they should be most carefully taught its poisonous power over both body and mind. Illustrations are plentiful. The children will themselves recognize the fact that bad boys and low, evil men always use tobacco, and that it is an invariable accompaniment to low places. The evil effects of tobacco are now so fully recognized that many states have passed strict laws forbidding its sale or gift in any form to boys under fifteen or sixteen years of age.

A thread moistened with the oil of tobacco, and drawn through a wound made by a needle in a small animal has killed it in seven minutes. A cat has been killed by two drops of the oil put upon its tongue at an interval of fifteen minutes.

A Pernicious Influence.

In a certain city some time ago there was a convention of ministers, and it was arranged that the visitors should be entertained among the friends, and of course, free of charge, and the names and addresses of the friends were given to the ministers where each was expected to stay. One of the ministers made his way to the place appointed for him, when the lady herself attended the door, followed by her two little boys. The minister said to the lady, 'I have been told, madam, that I should find a home with you until our convention is over; I hope that it is agreeable to you.' The lady replied, 'I am sorry to say it is not.' After urging his case in a few words without effect, the minister observed, 'But are you not afraid of disobeying the apostolic injunction, "Be not forgetful to entertain strangers, for thereby some have entertained angels unawares?"' The lady responded, 'I am not afraid; angels never smell of tobacco, as I perceive you do, and, moreover, I have taught these my boys that smoking is wrong. Excuse me, but I dare not have your influence in my home.' What a brave woman thus to show her disapproval of such a habit, and thus preserve her boys from the pernicious influence of a smoking minister.—Silas Henn.

The Curse of the Country.

(By Dr. Joseph Parker.)

Teetotalism stands upon many strong reasons—the overwhelming weight of medical testimony is in favor of total abstinence.

The experience of thousands has shown us that teetotalism means happy homes, educated families, and well-conducted business.

Pastoral inquiry has shown that innumerable families have been ruined by strong drink.

Not one solitary advantage has ever been traced to the use of strong drink as a beverage.

The case against strong drink is overwhelming in volumed cogency.

Whom did it ever bless?

What family did it ever save from poverty or misery?

What young man was ever promoted in business or in any other way because he was addicted to the use of strong drink?

All the judges and magistrates of the country have officially declared that nine-tenths of the crime of the nation are directly traceable to drinking-customs.

It is simply beyond belief that any Christian man can say one word in favor of a beverage that poisons the blood and ruins the soul. The history of drinking is written within and without in mourning, lamentation and woe. War cannot equal its ravages. Pestilence cannot rival its statistics of desolation. It stands alone as a record of sorrow and shame and murder.

The argument that should be final with Christians is the plea of the apostle Paul. He said if drinking wine should make even the weakest brother offend, he would drink no more. To that argument there is no answer. That is the argument of doing good for the sake of others. Even if physiological and social arguments could be successfully attacked (and in my judgment that is impossible), this apostolic argument of sacrificing your own tastes and desires in order to help others stands infinitely beyond range of any assault that is either logical or beneficent.

The drink traffic is the curse of the country. Churches and Sunday-schools make but little impression by their occasional labors as compared with the havoc wrought by the incessant pestilence of the public-house. How any Christian can be a brewer or distiller passes my comprehension. When the lofty chimney of a distillery was being finished an observer said—'How many persons would be killed if that chimney were to fall?' Whereupon a bystander replied, with bitter truthfulness, 'It will kill many more if it stand!' Was ever such a paradox seen as that a brewer's chimney should stand within sight of a church spire? That is the battle of Christian countries. God and the devil are in eternal conflict.

I warn young men that drink will destroy them. It muddles the brain; it shakes the nerves; it paralyses the will; it stirs and maddens the worst desires. Not one good word can be spoken for drink. I leave persons over fifty years of age to determine for themselves what stimulants they may suppose themselves to require, but speaking to the young I would plead with them on every sacred ground to touch not, taste not, handle not, the unclean thing. Death is in the cup. An adder will sting the debauchee. The young tippler will go from bad to worse, and from worse to worst, until he ends by divesting himself of every feature of dignity and qualifying himself for the solitude of outer darkness.

I have watched the drink foe in his fatal advances; I have traced him from exhilaration to intoxication, from intoxication to madness, from madness to hell. One or two of the finest men I have ever known have been addicted to secret drinking. Who can tell the misery of their households? I have seen it, and gladly do I draw a thick veil over its ghastly features. I have seen homes broken up, families scattered, children orphaned, and the fairest social prospects riven and blasted, as if by lightning, by this accursed and all-cursing drink. To me these are not imaginations but facts, and such facts are arguments that carry away all petty and self-regarding opposition.

Convert the young to total abstinence, and in one generation England will be evangelized. When the public-house disappears, the Church will lift its roof towards a cloudless sky.—'Sunday-school Chronicle.'

The Cucumber in the Bottle

How did it get there? Brother Frank was very smart—at least he thought so and he was a big college student, too—yet he looked thoroughly puzzled as he turned the bottle round and round in his hands.

Was it a trick bottle like those the conjurers use? No, it was a common glass bottle.

Was it an imitation cucumber, made of rubber? He tried it with his penknife. No, it was real

'Ha, ha!' shouted his little sister. 'I know how it got there, and I did it. I stuck it in when it was a wee bit of a cucumber, and left it there till it grew so big it filled the bottle. You can't get it out, either, without breaking the bottle.'

'Thank you, little sister,' said Frank, 'for a lesson you didn't intend. I'll just seal this up and keep it for a reminder.'

'What of?' asked the little girl.

'Of the danger of letting a little vice creep into body's life, and growing there until it get's too big to get out again.'

'Hum!' said his little sister; 'I guess I'll take a look at it once in a while, too.'—'American Paper.'

Our Joy and our Duty.

(By Albert G. Lawson, D.D.)

A pledge we sign with joy.
Up, every girl and boy,
To fight the drink;
Let each one find his place,
And then from God seek grace
To set through life the face
Against the drink.

Would we our country save?
We must be true and brave,
And steadfast stand;
Have faith in God and pray,
Work, vote, and haste the day,
That from the demon's sway,
Shall free our land.

—'Youth's Temperance Banner.'

In these days when there is very properly, such a strong desire to provide pure amusements for the people, mistakes are made which sometimes cost dear. For example, it has been found over and over again that the provision of a bagatelle board and a billiard table has simply enabled young men and boys to acquire skill enough to play, and to go forthwith to the public-house to play for money. They will accept all that is done for them in this way, but they have not the least intention of coming under religious influences. We know two churches which have had to give up the billiard and bagatelle playing because it was found that they were fostering gambling. It would be interesting to know what proportion of the men and boys who avail themselves of the clubs and societies connected with places of worship regard them as anything but appliances formed for their carnal gratification. Is the Church on the righ ttack? — 'Christian.'

LESSON X. — SEPTEMBER 4.

The Death of Elisha.

II. Kings xiii., 14-25. Memory verses 20, 21. Read the chapter.

Golden Text.

'Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of his saints.' Psa. cxvi., 15.

Lesson Story.

Forty-five years have passed since our last lesson. Elisha, now an old man of eighty, lies on his death-bed. Joash, the young king of Israel, comes down to the lowly dwelling to mourn the illness of him who had been the strength of Israel for the last sixty years.

Over sixty years have gone since the mantle of Elijah fell on Elisha, and the king now addresses Elisha in the same words that that prophet had used to Elijah, 'My father, my father, the chariot of Israel and the horsemen thereof.' Even the king realized that the man of God was the real strength of Israel, rather than the armies and horsemen.

The aged prophet told the young king to take bow and arrows and shoot them in the ground toward the east, telling him that the arrows shot were tokens of deliverance from the Syrians. Each arrow meant a victory, but the careless and unbelieving king shot only three and then gave it up. At this weakness the prophet was very indignant, God had offered the king complete victory over his enemies if he would only ask for it, but the foolish man was too careless to even take the trouble to ask.

Anyone can see the foolishness of Joash and wonder at his carelessness and unbelief when the affairs of a nation hung on his acts. But the world is full of just such people to-day, God is offering to us victories and deliverances just as great as those he offered to Joash. Every Christian should be a wonderful conquerer and the instrument of deliverance to others, God would give all his children great and mighty gifts were it not for their unbelief and hardness of heart. He is more willing to give than we are to receive.

Elisha died. The triumphant death of a child of God is sometimes more used for the conversion of others than their life would have been. The death of a Christian should be an occasion of solemn joy to other Christians.

Jesus lives! Henceforth is death,
But the gate of life immortal.

After Elisha's death and burial the Moabites invaded the land in small companies. One day the Israelites were taking a dead man to be buried, they saw one of these bands coming so they just laid the body in Elisha's tomb. When the man touched Elisha's bones he immediately came to life again. So the good we do lives after us, when we have left this earth some remembrances of our lives, and testimonies may still be used for the conversion of others.

Lesson Hints.

About one hundred and fifty years had passed since the division of the kingdom of Israel after the death of Solomon. Five dynasties had ruled over Israel, Joash was the third king in Jehu's dynasty, he reigned sixteen years. They might have been sixteen years of victory and conquest if Joash had taken the trouble to believe God and claim the victories. But his unbelief brought him sure defeat.

'My father'—Elisha took a loving, fatherly interest in the young king.

'The chariot of Israel'—the strength and hope of the nation.

'Bow and arrows'—the weapons then used.

'Elisha put his hands on' — to show that the power to conquer came only from the Lord.

'Eastward'—toward Syria. The Syrians were invading and oppressing Israel. It was an ancient custom to shoot an arrow into the enemy's country as a symbol of hoped-for victory over them.

'Arrow of the Lord's deliverance'—Joash plainly understood that deliverance for his country was the gift God wanted him to have.

'Aphek'—a town about six miles east of the Sea of Galilee on the road to Damascus.

'Wroth'—indignant that God's proffered gifts shold be so lightly esteemed.

'Sepulchre of Elisha'—the bodies were not put in coffins, but were placed in the tomb bound in cloths.

'Touched the bones'—showing clearly that all Elisha's work had been God's working through him. This is the only miracle God ever worked through dead bones.

'The Lord was gracious'—and gave them deliverance because of his covenant with Abraham, Isaac and Jacob. 'The Lord is morciful and gracious, slow to anger and plenteous in mercy.' (Psa. ciii., 8.)

Questions.

1. How old was Elisha when he died?
2. Should we fear death?
3. How did the prophet show the king that God would give deliverance to Israel?
4. Who were the enemies of Israel?
5. Why did God have compassion on his people?
6. How many times did Joash beat Benhadad?

Lesson Hymn.

Give me the wings of faith, to rise
Within the vale, and see
The saints above, how great their joys,
How bright their glories be.

Once they were mourners here below,
And poured out sighs and tears;
They wrestled then, as we do now;
With doubts, and griefs and fears.

I asked them whence their glory came,
They with united breath,
Ascribe their victory to the Lamb,
Their triumph to His death.

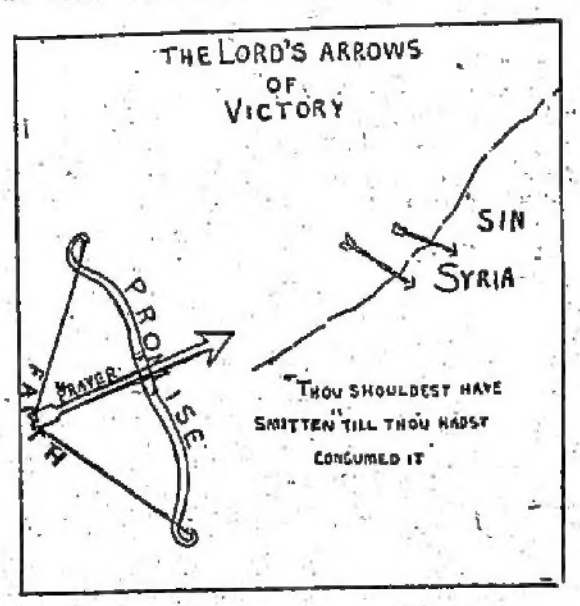
Many are the friends who are waiting
to-day,
Happy on the golden strand,
Many are the voices calling us away,
To join their happy band!
Calling us away, calling us away,
Calling to the better land!

Suggested Hymns.

'Jesus lives,' 'Trust and obey,' 'Sleep on, beloved,' 'Faith is the victory.' 'Eternity,' 'All hail the power of Jesus' name,' 'How firm a foundation.'

LESSON ILLUSTRATED.—Sept. 4.

Our lack of knowledge of the customs of the day makes us apt to think that the prophet judged King Joash too harshly. He does not say so himself, however. His faith fell short, and his victories did the same, so we draw the bow and fit an arrow to it.



Syria becomes a high obstacle in the way with two arrows half-way up, and the third aimed but little higher. Call the hill sin and name our arrows prayer, on the bow Promise, and on the string Faith, and if our aim be low we shall, as Joash did, conquer only in part.

Sunday School Teacher in Trouble.

A rap at the door of the parson's study, and one of the Sunday-school teachers of his church followed the invitation to come in.

'Pastor, I want to talk with you a little about my Sunday-school class.'

'All right,' said the pastor, 'I shall be most happy to talk with you.'

'I have come this morning because I feel utterly discouraged about my class.'

'How long have you had the class?'

'Five years.'

'What is your particular trouble?'

'I really do not know, and that is why I come to you, I have had the class so long, and yet none of them are Christians, and it seems as though something must be wrong somewhere.'

'Have you ever talked with them personally about accepting Christ?'

'No, not personally, but I have several times talkod with them all together, urging them to be Christians.'

'Did you give them an opportunity, at such times to show whether they wanted to accept Christ?'

'No. I never thought of that.'

'Do you really think you care for the souls in your class?'

'I thought I did, and yet I never gave them a chance to accept Christ. When talking with them together in the class, I can see now that I might have given them some opportunity of making some sign. But then I really have no time to talk with them personally. I only see them on Sundays, and then only during the Sunday-school hour.'

'How much time do you spend during the week praying for your class?'

'Well, I am ashamed to say it, but some weeks I never pray for them at all.'

'About the personal work—have you no time at all?'

'Not a moment, so far as I can see.'

'Did you ever pray for time to talk to each scholar personally?'

'No, I never thought of praying for time.'

'How about writing to them? Could you not write to, at least, one every week, if only a few lines?'

'Oh, yes; I could do that.'

'When any of your scholars are absent, do you go to their homes to see why?'

'No, I have no time for that, either.'

'How about sending them a postal card, telling them that you are sorry that they were away, and that you will be glad to see them in the class the next Sunday.

'I really begin to feel as though I had not been doing anything.'

'I believe that if you will make this matter a subject of earnest prayor you will find many times in the week when some effort, however slight, may be made that will help your scholars.

'First, there must be a willingness on your part to sacrifice for the young souls entrusted to your care. It is certainly a matter of vital importance that every Sunday-school teacher should be in the closest touch with her scholars; not tiring them with the subject of their salvation, but constantly keeping before them this great question in a tender, gentle, loving way.'—'Union Gospel News.'

The Primary Teacher.

Of the many qualifications that might be named, especial attention is directed to the following:

1. The grace of the Lord Jesus Christ in the teacher's heart, because no teacher can lead a child into experience which he has not himself had.

2. A belief in child Christians, so that the most susceptible and promising years of life may not be wasted.

3. A knowledge of the bible, that the best form of truth may be presented to little minds as never to be forgotten first impressions.

4. An understanding of childhood, so as to know how to adapt the truth in such a way as to make it practical to the daily lives of children.

5. An enthusiasm for teaching little people, because nothing is ever well done by a half-hearted interest.

6. Trust in the children as a basis for good behaviour on their part.

7. A vivacious manner will keep children on the alert.

8. Genuineness as a ground of respect and confidence, since children are keen discerners of character.

9. Firmness, without which there will be developed bad behaviour on the part of the children, and perplexity on the part of the teacher.

10. Punctuality, without which enterprise would be sure to fail of directness and force. —'Sunday-school Teacher.'

HOUSEHOLD.

The Small Boy.

(By Margaret E. Sangster.)

The small boy is now enjoying his summer holiday. This mans that mother has him on her mind a good deal more constantly than is needful when he spends six or eight hours a day at school. It means that sister must have patience with the presence in the house of a youthful cyclone, full of life, energy and motion, and requiring a good deal of looking after if he is to be kept happy and good.

Now may I give you a few hints about this beloved small son of yours, dear mother.

For one thing, don't nag at Johnny. Don't bother the small man with too many directions, don't confuse him with commands for which there is no occasion. A few, very few laws, and plenty of liberty, and your small boy will be happy and good.

Don't doubt his word. Believe your boy, even if he makes a surprising statement. Don't break a promise you make to him, and never indulge in threats. They imply moral weakness on your part. If you feel compelled to punish the boy, let the penalty be something sharp and decisive, and soon over with. For pity's sake avoid such punishments as, "You cannot ride your bicycle for the next two weeks," or, "You are not to go into your boat for a month,' or, 'You shall have no dessert for the next week.' Two weeks, a week, a month—they are a good bit of eternity to your boy, and God forbid that you should eclipse it for him.

Do look after your boy's companions. Have an acquaintance with the little fellows he likes to play with, especially with the slightly older boy who is his hero! There is generally a big boy to whom the small boy looks up, a big boy whom the small boy imitates. Look well to your boy's companions.

Look also to the books and papers he reads. It is not safe to leave a boy's reading to hap-hazard, or to his own choice. There are rattlesnakes coiled up in some innocent-looking books. There are men today in prison for life whose first initiation in crime, whose first impulse to dishonor came from the printed page. Look to your boy's reading! His love of adventure, his delight in the marvellous, his interest in deeds of valor and military exploits are perfectly legitimate, but they can be gratified by authors who will help him to develop along manly lines, and there is every reason to guard against those authors who are simply sensational, with no motive beyond that of excitement and temporary pleasure. Beyond any other agent for evil, may be the bad book, a comrade whispering ill thoughts and low fancies in the boy's ear. Beyond any other agent for good, may be the book of high moral tone, of pure and elevated thoughts, of fine style, lifting the boy to the high levels where the light of heaven dwells. Look out for your boy's reading.

Look out too, that the small boy is welcome in the drawing-room and the sitting-room. Let him stay where mother is, and bring his friends into the house, which should never be too nice, or, too richly appointed for his occupation. A boy who is freely given a place to play in the house, or out of doors, will not deface furniture or slide down the balusters. A place of his own he should have, and if he sometimes makes a little more noise than you think quite opportune, never mind. Keep him happy and good. The two adjectives are nearly always found in conjunction, for the good boy is a happy one, and the happy boy is good.

Keep your small boy's confidence, encourage him to tell you the happenings of his day, and never be astonished at anything he says; at least not to the point of shocked amazement. Pleased amazement is rather flattering than otherwise.

Give the little fellow a chance to earn some money. Let him have his regular daily 'chores,' something which he is responsible for, and which he will be expected to attend to faithfully, but over and above this, let him weed the garden or go on errands or perform some allotted task, for which you will pay him. Nothing helps to develop real character in a lad more certainly than having work to do which has a certain commercial value, work which is worth doing, and which is done well.

Lastly bring the love and the fear of God to bear as a continual influence on your boy, not by word only, but by your own example, and always refer matters of which you and he are in doubt, to the test of: What Christ would say about this? What the Lord would have me do? Life which keeps hold on the invisible is the only life after all for us and for our precious children.—'Christian Herald.'

Cooking Hints.

To chop suet easily sprinkle it with flour. It prevents matting together.

To stone raisins when one has no machine, drop in warm water. Cut open with point of penknife, and seeds will come out without difficulty.

To blanch almonds drop for an instant in very hot water, which will loosen the brown skins, then throw them into cold water and rub between the fingers.

To keep the fresh green color of vegetables after cooking, boil them without the cover on the kettle.

To keep onions white after boiling do not cook too long, nor in an iron pot. Cooked in agate iron or in porcelain lined kettle and removed as soon as boiled, they will be white and good to look at.

Dredge the top of a cake with flour before icing, and the icing will not run.

Boiled ham, tongue or beef, should be cooled in the water in which it is boiled, as it makes it moist and tender.

Plain paste for pastry may be made flaky if it is rolled thin, folded, left in the ice-box over night, and baked before it has grown warm.

Water used instead of milk for mixing cake makes a loaf which remains moist a long time.

To test the heat of an oven use a bit of white paper. If it burns at once the oven is too hot for anything; if it turns a delicate brown, it indicates pastry heat; for cake it will be dark yellow; light yellow shows the proper heat for biscuit and sponge cakes, or any cakes requiring rather slow baking. For meats the first heat should be strong to keep the juices in the meat.

Meats never allowed to boil will be more tender than those that cook hard. Tough meats become tender by proper cooking, while the reverse of this is equally true. Hard boiling in salted water will toughen the best piece of meat ever sold.

Bits of fish may be used for salad, and it is very good. Any mayonnaise may be used, but fish salad calls for more mustard and vinegar. A chopped pickle added to the fish makes it piquant.

Bits of fish may also appear in the form of soup. They are boiled in milk, strained through a coarse sieve, seasoned to taste and served with croutons.

Use bits of stale bread for croutons. Cut them in small dice and brown in the oven. Serve hot with soup.

All bread crumbs which may be in the bread-jar should be dried, rolled fine, and placed in a jar or can ready for use in escalloping meats, fish, oysters, vegetables, or as thickening.

When adding cornstarch or any thickening to hot liquid mix it smooth with enough cold water to make it fluid. Pour it slowly into the hot, and stir constantly until it becomes clear.

To keep yolks of eggs fresh after whites have been used, set aside in a cup, with a little water over the surface.

Fresh eggs sink to the bottom of a pail of water. Stale eggs float on the top. Eggs between these stages indicate their age by the depth to which they sink.

Meat and fish should be removed from paper as soon as received. The paper absorbs the juices.

Onion juice may be extracted by cutting an onion in half and pressing it against a grater. Salt rubbed over the grater will remove the onion odor from it, and may be used in cooking.

The tops of celery dried and rubbed to powder are excellent for flavoring soups and gravies. The celery should be dried in the sun or in a very slow oven.

Horse radish root put into a jar of pickles will keep vinegar from losing its strength and prevent mould from forming.

One cupful of butter packed firmly is a pound. Four cupfuls of flour make one pound. Two cupfuls of granulated sugar are the same weight.

To thicken clear soup use pearl tapioca. Let it boil clear and then add the soup. Sweeten butter that needs it by placing it in a porcelain kettle with a little water, salt and soda. Let it come to a boil. Turn it into a stone jar and set where it is cool. The impurities settle to the bottom, and the butter is not too salt for cooking. It will form a cake at the top of the water, which must be turned off.

The yolk of an egg beaten up with coffee is better for bilious people than cream. It is also nourishing.

After greasing cake tins sprinkle with flour, shaking off all that will come.

Never finish a meringue by placing it in a hot oven. It should brown slowly in a cool oven, when it will rise high and be light and spongy.

—Dora Morrell, in N. Y. 'Observer.'

A Healthful Fruit Diet.

A lazy dyspeptic was bewailing his own misfortunes and ill health, and speaking with a friend on the latter's healthy appearance. 'What do you do to make you so strong and healthy?' inquired the dyspeptic. 'Live on fruit alone,' answered his friend. 'What kind of fruit?'—'The fruit of industry; and I am never troubled with indigestion.'

Of all the mistakes in family government one of the greatest is to convert the father into an ogre. Any woman who respects herself and is fair to her husband will maintain proper authority over her children without calling in the father's heavier discipline. He has, naturally, his own share, but he ought to have some of the love and familiar companionship of his children also, which he never will have if he is held up to them as a terror.—'Childhood.'

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